THE
Deſcription of Dunkirk
WITH
Squaſh's and Diſmal's
OPINION.

How eaſily *Prince Eugene* may retake it, and many other matters of the laſt *Importance.*

HARLEY at length has reapd the Fame,
His Father ſow'd in Actions Juſt,
And raiſd his Family a Name
Renownd for faithfulneſs in Truſt.
Dunkirk to ſave for *Englands* good
Sir Edward ſtrove with Might and Main,
Which without Coſt, and without Blood
His Son dos glorioufly Regain.
Our *Whigs* are mad the *Dutch* repine
The Germans gnaſh their teeth to ſee,
His meaſures Crownd in each deſign
In ſpite of their Inveteracie.
All *Britain* by his Actions knows
Her Friends from ſuch as are her Foes,
For *Patriots* are by Actions ſhown
As by their fruits the Trees are known.
Thus *Harleys* deeds are Great and Good
Not Chargable nor ſtaind with Blood,
So that his Wiſdom's better far
Than Malbro's Swords and Guns in War.
Since *Oxford*'s Wiſdom *Dunkirk* won
A work too Great for Fighting John.
And *France* ſo long Declar'd a Foe
To Peace, her love of Peace dos ſhow.
And proves in Treaties ſhe's ſincere
Now Knaves and Rebels Diſappear
For none but Ideots would truſt
The Coveteous and the unjuſt.
But when ſuch Enemies they have
Like *Harley* Loyal *Ormond* Brave,
Dunkirk the Richeſt Gem in *France*
They yield, that Peace they may Advance.
The *Dutch* therein to ſee our Banners
Diſplayd, begin to mend their Manners,
To eat their words and ſtink for fear
And own in the wrong Box they were,
To Treat great *Ormond* as they've done
And lye i'th' Face of the Bright Sun,
Firſt the half Charge o'th' War's to ſore
Next they can pay the whole and more.
And in Contempt of *Heaven* and *ANNE*
Prevaricate with God and Man,
As Snug at Rooſt as ſets a Pullet
Eugene on Cock-Horſe fears no Bullet.
One Leg o'er's Saddle Pommel throws
With Snuff ſets Charging of his Noſe,
As ſafe behind his Horſes head
As any Criſpin in a ſhed.
Yet he himſelf for all his Cunning
Much fears our *Engliſh* way of Gunning,
And finding he has been miſtaken
Grows Complaiſant to ſave his Bacon.

But th' other Day in Height of Pride
The *Engliſh* thus he did deride,
They ſend a Warlike Plenipo
To make a Peace and for a ſhow.
(As if *Dutch* limits they'd extend)
A Peacefull General they ſend,
For all *Eugene* is grown ſo Witty
The little Man muſt Change his Ditty.
When he ſhall know from France and Spain
How much for *Britain*'s good we Gain.
For one Pacifick grand Campaign
Shall do great *Britain* far more good,
Then all that Coſt us ſo much Blood
When Homebred Vipers without Meaſure
Made prey and Plunder of our Treaſure
And every thing was wrong or Right.
Claim'd as one Subject's Perquiſite
Eugene ſhall own all this is True,
Repent and beg our Pardon too
Or he and Mercenary Bands.
Shall have the laſh from Villars hands
And then reſwingd to Common ſence,
Fly to Brave Ormond for Defence.
Nor longer ſhall our *Whiggs* make Boaſt
That *Dunkirk*'s but a Butter'd Toaſt
And ſcarce will ſerve (mark but their ſpleen)
To make a Breakfaſt for *Eugene*
Eugene will take't Cries *Squaſh* by Mars,
As Eaſily as Kiſs his A ——ſe.
Which I can the more ſafely ſwear
Since I and my dear Lord were there,
Like Chimney Sweepers Dreſt that we
Might with our Diſmal Hopes agree.
But Tears guſht from my Eyes in floods
To ſee my Lord was in the Suds,
And that his Face wellwaſh'd at laſt
Renewd it's ſhallow Browniſh Caſt.
Which made him known thus all our Hopes
Of gathering Flouriſhes and Tropes
Without Ladders without Ropes.
For Winter Speeches now are o'er.
I provd it was in no Mans Power
To waſh till white a Blackamoor.
But what moſt makes my Spirits Droop
Folks cry my Lord's a NinecomePoop,
A Truth they ſafely may Maintain
Since all His Speeches, Shifts and Pain
Are like their Waſhing me in Vain.

FINIS

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